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Laughing Ann

and Other Poems

By
A. P. HERBERT



Illustrated by George Morrow

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Most of these verses have appeared in *Punch*, and I have to thank the proprietors for their courtesy in permitting me to reprint them.

A. P. H.

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LAUGHING ANN

LAUGHING ANN

WHEN laughing Ann trips down the street
The sun comes out as well,
The town is at her twinkling feet,
The crier rings his bell,
The young men leap like little fish,
Policemen stand and purr,
While husbands look behind and wish
That they had married her.

*Laughing Ann
Turns her head,
Looks at a man
And kills him dead
With eyes that say,
"What a nice fine day !
Good morning—this is Ann,
Never been kissed,
Born to be kissed,
But kiss me if you can !"*

And when she steps into a shop
The happy hosier grins,
The lordly haberdashers hop
To furnish her with pins.

LAUGHING ANN

The grocer asks no other fee
If she will glance his way,
And trembles while he sells her tea
To think that she must pay.

*For laughing Ann
With innocent eyes
Looks at a man
And then he dies,
With eyes that say,
"And have you, pray,
Seen anything quite like Ann?
Never been kissed,
Born to be kissed,
But kiss me if you can !"*

Her eyes are like two pools of wine,
Her cheeks like roses pressed,
Her lips are full, her nose is fine,
And you can guess the rest;
She is more pure than precious stones
And angel is her rank,
But she has married Mr. Jones,
The manager of the Bank

*Ah, laughing Ann
Turns her head,
Looks at a man
And kills him dead,*

*With eyes that say,
"Behold, I pray,
This unsurpassable Ann!
But the man who owns
This jewel is Jones,
So kiss me if you can !"*

So when she dances up the street
And homeward disappears
The young men move with leaden feet,
Policemen stand in tears,
While butchers with a vicious knife
Assault their hateful wares,
To think that Mr. Jones's wife
Can never now be theirs.

*For laughing Ann
With two bright eyes
Can kill a man
Of any size
With eyes that say,
"What a nice fine day !
But Ann is twice as fair,
Hard to resist,
Born to be kissed,
But kiss me if you dare !"*

THE SAVIOURS

SIR THINGUMMY JIG was breakfasting on bacon and
ham and eggs,
And kidney and toast and mushrooms, and a couple
of partridge legs,
And all the time in the *Sunday Chime*, as a baronet
ought to do,
He studied the state of the Universe and saw that it
was blue.

“Death!” remarked Sir Thingummy Jig. “Bring me
a pen and ink!
Bring me a fair white writing-pad, and something
strong to drink,
And wrap a towel about my head and don’t let
anyone in,
For I must write to *The Times* to-night, and save the
world from sin.”

But Admiral Bunkum sits in bed and quietly chews a
roll
And sausage and mash, and marmalade, the frugal,
manly soul.

He lights his pipe, and he reads the tripe Sir
Thingummy wrote, and then
With a nautical cry of "Hell!" or "Hi!" he snatches
a fountain-pen.

And far away in a leather chair the Duke of Doodledoo
Nibbles a rusk with a single tusk and scans the papers
through,



And things look worse with the Universe, and the
Admiral gives him pain,
So he rings for a young stenographer and saves the
world again.

Civilisation seems to me to be just a trifle queer;
Rack and ruin are all around, and look at the price
of beer!

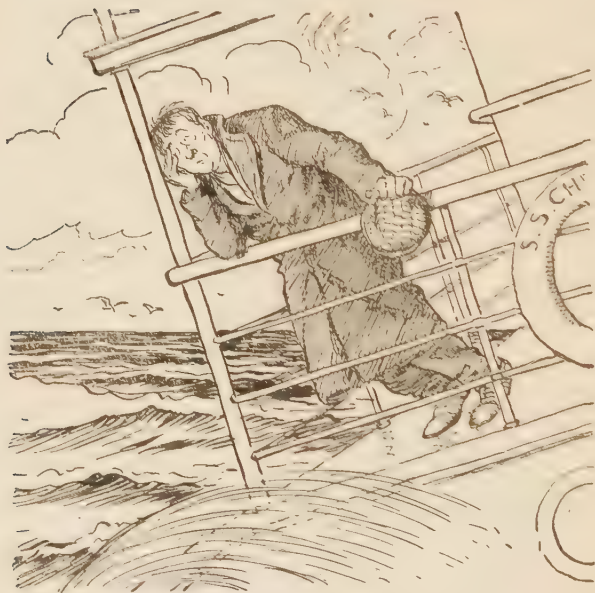
Black with fate are the clouds to date, but if ever the
 skies are blue,
Oh, don't forget 'twas Thingummy Jig that pulled the
 nation through;
Not to speak of the Admiral and the Duke of
 Doodledoo.

MID-OCEAN; OR, THE ROVER

I'VE always been extremely keen
On anything at all marine,
 I used to rave
 About the wave
 And with no small emotion
I sometimes sang the sort of thing
That sailors are supposed to sing,
 Explaining what
 A pleasant spot
 They find the raging ocean.
But ah, how short a step is there
From high romance to *mal de mer* !
The nation, Sir, that lifts a hand
Against our well-belovèd land,
That race must reckon first with me,
But anyone can have the sea—

*Blow, breezes, blow !
Ho (Heave, and Yo) !
How sweet it is to roam !
Ho (Yo, and Heave) !
Why did I leave
My comfortable home ?*

Though I am very well aware
The ocean is a grand affair
And poets who
Have seen the blue
From cosy South-Coast cities



Have sung its praises, there and then,
I can but wish these honest men
Had taken trips
In actual ships
Before they wrote their ditties.

I too have dreamed, on Brighton Pier,
A wild piratical career,
But I would sooner milk a cow
Than be a jolly pirate now.
Old England's very dear to me,
But anyone can have the sea—

*Blow, breezes, blow !
Ho (Heave, and Yo) !
How bonny flies the foam !
Ho (Yo, and Heave) !
Why did I leave
My comfortable home ?*

The open sea, the open air,
The open road to anywhere,
Are good, no doubt,
To read about
When one has just been dining;
But I have met no poet yet
Who saw much fun in being wet,
Or liked to pass
The night on grass
Whatever stars were shining;
The very politicians yawn
If by mischance they see The DAWN,
And all adventure's spoiled for me
If I can't get my morning tea;

While I repeat with three times three
That anyone can have the sea—

*Blow, breezes, blow !
Ho (Heave, and Yo),
Across the magic foam !
Ho (Yo, and Heave) !
Why did I leave
My comfortable home ?*

EQUALITY, ETC.

SONG FOR A SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

ALL are born equal. Counter this who can.
Place in his cot some scion of the rich,
Lay at his side an infant artisan,
And who shall say for certain which is which?

*By reason, not ruction,
We soar to the skies;
The means of production
We nationalise;
While rapture surprising
We bring within range
By nationalising
The means of exchange.*

How comes it then that as the seasons pass
These equal babes enjoy a different lot?
One steers the ship, one polishes the brass,
While one is beautiful, the other not.

By reason, etc.

And who can doubt that in an ordered State
 No harsh distinctions should divide the twain?
 Both, hand in hand, would rule the vessel's fate,
 And both be beautiful (or both be plain).

By reason, etc.

High flies the eagle; sweeter sings the wren.
 Let us be thankful, smiling through our tears,
 That Heaven has made us simple honest men
 Instead of manufacturers or peers.

By reason, etc.

Yet even these we pity more than hate,
 All envious thoughts we easily subdue,
 When we remember that the rich and great,
 With all their faults, are men and women too.

*By reason, not ruction,
 We soar to the skies;
 The means of production
 We nationalise;
 While rapture surprising
 We bring within range
 By nationalising
 The means of exchange.*

THE RED BOX

Good Sir John Straight was opulent and great,
He loved his King, but he couldn't stand the
State;

He loved his country, but he loathed her men,
And he lived in a street in W. 10.

Sir George Kildragon he dwelt there too,
And they both saw red, as the best men do—
Red for the Britisher, conqueror, chief,
Red for his blood and red for his beef,
Red across the map for the Empire's track,
And good red dollops in the Union Jack;
And when Sir John's nephew went to the War
They both saw redder than they ever saw before.

Then ten red men came up from the Clyde,
Asked for the Parliament and walked inside,
With a funny red flag and a silly red song,
And good Sir John Straight said, "Damme! that's
wrong."

But Sir George said, "Damme! they fought in the War,"

And Sir John saw redder than he ever saw before.

And Sir George he laughed at the funny red men,

But Sir John trotted home to W. 10;

And good Lady Straight gave him steak for a start,

A red rump-steak and a red plum-tart,

Red-currant jelly and a Dutch cheese (red),

With a bright red hair from the cook's red head;

And Sir John went out in a sort of a swoon,

And there in the sky was a great red moon—

Red for the Britisher, conqueror, chief,

Red for his blood and red for his beef,

"And red," said Sir John, with a strange cunning look,

"Red for Revolution, red for the cook,

Red for the Russians and red for the Jew,

Red for the Hospitals, red for *Who's Who*,"

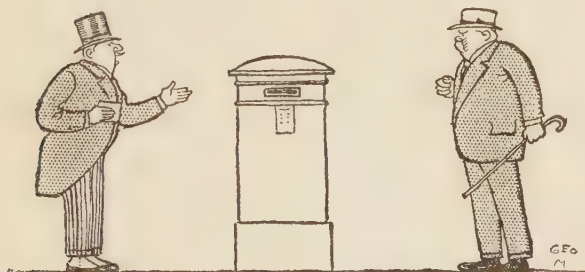
And Sir John said, "Ha!" and Sir John said, "He!"

And Sir John said, "Ho! but you don't catch me."

"A *plot*!" cried Sir John Straight, standing on his head;

"You don't deceive *me*, Mr. Moon—you're RED!"

And that same night, in the middle of the night,
A man put a Box,
A Red, Red Box,
A Scarlet Box,
At the corner of the Street.
And Sir John said things I had better not repeat.



Sir John fetched Sir George and they looked at the
Box,
And Sir George said nothing, but he scratched his
locks.
And Sir John said, "Damme, Sir, don't you see it's
RED?"
And Sir George said, "Damme! I've got eyes in my
head.
It's red for the letters, John, the Red Royal Mail,
Red for King George and the little Prince of Wales,
Red for the Empire, red for the Court——"
And Sir John said rudely, "It's nothing of the
sort.

It's the end of the wedge, Sir, that's what I allege,
It's no use a-fencing, no use to hedge—
It's red for the State, Sir, red for Bureaucracy,
Red for Interferences and red for redemocracy,
Red for the Socialists, red for the Bolshies,
Red for the Hendersons, the Wehbs and the Walshes,
Moscow, Trotsky, the Third International——”
Sir George said mildly, “Come, John, be rational.”
“Red,” said the Baronet, foaming at the jaws,
“Red for the tumbrils, the breaking up of laws,
Red for the Empire, red for *Who's Who*,
Red for the Dutch cheese and red for the Jew,
Red in the Cabinet, the castle, the shack,
And, damme, there's a little in the *Union Jack* !
Red for the turn-coat, red for the rat,
Red for the Hospitals—and YOU TAKE THAT!”
Sir George saw redder than he previously saw,
And Sir George fetched Sir John a clipper on the jaw,
And they rolled in the road by the red, red moon,
And the red blood flowed and they both died soon—
Which generally happens when Strong Men meet
At the Box, at the Box,
The Red, Red Box,
The Scarlet Box,
At the corner of the Street.

THE INTRODUCTION; OR, TROT AWAY,
MR. CLAY

TROT away, Mr. Clay—you are much in the way;
The band, you'll observe, has begun.
There's a girl by the wall with no partner at all,
But Miss Fish is provided with one.
There's another one there who is taken, I swear,
With your muscular beauty and fitness,
But there's something I wish to explain to Miss Fish,
And we shall not insist on a witness.

*Oh, doesn't it strike you
Miss Fish doesn't like you?
Away, Mr. Clay, trot away !
But there's somebody here
Who is dying to meet you,
She's rather a dear,
Come along—she won't eat you !
I want you to know,
Miss Amelia Blow.
This way, Mr. Clay !
Miss Blow—Mr. Clay.
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.*



Trot away, Mr. Clay—in a general way
I feel you should marry, old man,
But I'd like to explain, if you're thinking of Jane,
You had better abandon the plan.
I am bound to report that her temper is short
And her talk is, if anything, terser,
Her face is too fat, and, with this and with that,
I feel you'd be wasted on her, Sir.

*Now why don't you marry
Clarissa or Carrie,
Or Poppy, or Topsy, or May?
I know four or five
Who'd be only too proud,
And I'll try to contrive
That you meet the whole crowd.
I want you to meet
Miss Gloria Sweet.
This way, Mr. Clay.
Miss Sweet—Mr. Clay.
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.*

Trot away, Mr. Clay—in the usual way
It is rapture to sit at your side.
To-morrow, old man, let us lunch if we can,
Let us go for a bicycle ride.
Believe me or not, I admire you a lot,
And in sunshine, old fellow, or stormy,

THE INTRODUCTION

We are friends, you and I, but I cannot deny
That just at the moment you bore me.

*For there's something I wish
To explain to Miss Fish,
And I wish you were oceans away.
Look, there's a nice girl !
She is dying to meet you.
A pansy—a pearl,
Come along, she won't eat you !
I don't think you know
The adorable Blow.
This way, Mr. Clay !
Miss Blow—Mr. Clay.
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.*

“IT MAY BE LIFE——”

I wish I hadn't broke that dish,
I wish I was a movie-star,
I wish a lot of things, I wish
That life was like the movies are;



I wish I wore a wicked hat,
I got the face for it, I *know*;
I'm tired of scrubbing floors an' that—
It may be life, but ain't it slow?

*For I don't have no adventures in the street,
 Men don't register emotion when we meet;
 Jack don't register Love's Sweet Bliss,
 Jack just registers an ordinary kiss;
 An' I says "Evenin',"*
An' Jack says "Evenin',"
An' we both stand there
At the corner of the Square,
Me like a statue an' him like a bear.
He don't make faces like the movie-men,
He just holds tight till the clock strikes ten,
Then I says "Friday?" an' Jack says "Right,"
Jack says "The same time?" an' I says
"Right,"
Jack just whispers and I can hardly speak,
And that's the most exciting thing that happens in the
week.

*I'm never chased in motor-cars,
 I'm never drowned in a mine;
 Them yellow men with long cigars
 Don't never ask me out to dine;
 In fact, as far as I can see,
 There is no life in Pimlico.
 Here, why don't no one kidnap me?
 It may be life, but ain't it slow?*

For I don't have no adventures, etc.

Jack loves me well enough, I know,
 But does he ever bite his lip,
 And does he chew his cheek to show
 That Passion's got him in a grip?
 An' does his gun go pop-pop-pop
 When fellers gets familiar? No.
 He just says, "'Op it!" and they 'op—
 It may be life, but ain't it slow?



*For I don't have no adventures in the street,
 Men don't register emotion when we meet,
 Jack don't register jealousy an' such,
 Jack don't register nothing very much;
 But Jack says "Evenin',"*
An' I says "Evenin',"

*An' we both stand there
At the corner of the Square,
Me like a statue an' him like a bear.
He don't look loving like the movie-men,
He just holds tight till the clock strikes ten,
An' I says "Friday?" an' Jack says "Right,"
Jack says "The same time?" an' I says
"Right;"
Jack just whispers and I can hardly speak,
And that's the most exciting thing that happens in the
week.
An' I sometimes wish,
Oh! I very often wish
That life was a little like a movie-show;
For life may be life, but, Lordie, ain't it slow?*

MY DAY OUT

HERE, Mabel, put away the joint—

It's my day out.

It's no use arguing the point—

It's my day out.

My Georgie's waiting in the square,

And I've my new red hat to wear,

Let's hope his mother's cut his hair,

For it's my day out.

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday,

I never was one to scamp my work an' that,

I've laid the tea, I've left the scullery tidy,

I've left a bit of the turbot for the cat;

*I've only got to wash myself, an' it's out of this for
Jane,*

*My Georgie's round the corner an' he's waiting in the
rain,*

An' if anyone likes to ring the bell,

Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,

*Well, I'll be snug in the pictures, dear, an' they can
ring again.*



MY DAY OUT

27

You'd be surprised, the way we laugh

On my day out;

He says things fit to kill a calf

On my day out;

An' you should see him buy the street,

I laugh till I can't hardly eat.

O Lord, I give my face a treat

On my day out.

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday,

I like to hear the music in the parks,

I like to sit on a bus an' be the lidy,

I like to look at the chaps an' pass remarks.

*I've only got to wash myself an' it's out of this for
Jane,*

*My Georgie's round the corner an' he's waiting in the
rain,*

An' if anyone likes to ring the bell,

Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,

*Well, I'll be snug in the pictures, dear, an' they can
ring again.*

It's funny how it seems to rain

On my day out,

But there it is, we don't complain

On my day out.

Well, if it's wet it's got to be;

It's cosy in the pictures, see?

Well, what I mean, it's him an' me

An' my day out.

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday,

I like to sit in the fautles an' be grand,

I like to nibble an ice an' be the lidy,

I like to sit in the dark an' hold his hand.

*I've only got to wash myself an' it's out of this for
Jane,*

*My Georgie's round the corner an' he's waiting in the
rain,*

An' if anyone likes to ring the bell,

Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,

*Well, I'll be snug in the pictures, dear, an' they can
ring again.*

THE PRODIGY

I KISSED my darling at the Zoo,
And all the people snorted,
The keeper took his little book
And said we'd be reported;



But the Small! Birds sang, though a trifle flat,
And the Pelican said, "Now, fancy that!"

In a sentimental fashion,
The Elephant sighed and went quite pale,
And the Dromedary told a tedious tale
Of a grand but youthful passion.

THE PRODIGY

*The Lion no more did roar,
And I heard the Eagles coo.
For I never had kissed my Jane before,
And I kissed her at the Zoo.*

I kissed my darling at the Zoo—
The people left off gazing
At camel and cod and kangaroo,
For we were more amazing;
The Octopus and the Chimpanzee
Were shocked when they looked out to see
The usual crowd was missing,
While swarming round us, goggle-eyed,
“Ma, look at that!” the children cried,
“*Two funny creatures kissing!*”

*But the Lion no more did roar,
And I heard the Eagles coo.
For I never had kissed my Jane before,
And I kissed her at the Zoo.*

BACON AND EGGS*

Now blest be the Briton, his beef and his beer,
And all the strong waters that keep him in cheer,
But blest beyond cattle and blest beyond kegs
Is the brave British breakfast of bacon and eggs—

*Bacon and eggs,
Bacon and eggs;
Sing bacon,
Red bacon,
Red bacon and eggs !*

Thus armed and thus engined, well-shaven and gay,
We leap to our labours and conquer the day,
While paltry pale foreigners, meagre as moles,
Must crawl through the morning on coffee and rolls—

*Coffee and rolls,
Barbarous rolls;
Sing coffee.
Black coffee,
Vile coffee and rolls !*

*From "King of the Castle."

What wonder the Frenchman, blown out with new
bread,
Gesticulates oft and is light in the head!
Our perfect control of our arms and our legs
We owe to our ballast of bacon and eggs—

*Bacon and eggs,
Unemotional eggs;
Sing bacon,
Fat bacon,
Brave bacon and eggs !*

What wonder that Fortune is careful to place
Her loveliest laurels on men of our race,
While sorrow is heaped upon Prussians and Poles
Who shame the glad morning with coffee and rolls—

*Coffee and rolls,
Ladylike rolls;
Sing coffee,
Pooh ! coffee,
Black coffee and rolls !*

What wonder the Russian looks redly because
Our England, old England, is much what it was!



BACON AND EGGS

We fight to the finish, we drink to the dregs
And dare to be Daniels on bacon and eggs—

*Bacon and eggs,
Masculine eggs;
Sing bacon,
Bring bacon,
And fry me two eggs !*

But gross Europeans who constantly munch
Too little at breakfast, too freely at lunch,
Sit sated in *cafés*, incapable souls,
And go to the devil on coffee and rolls—

*Coffee and rolls,
Windy wet rolls;
At coffee
I'm scoffy,
I execrate rolls !*

O breakfast! O breakfast! The meal of my heart!
Bring porridge, bring sausage, bring fish for a start,
Bring kidneys and mushrooms and partridges' legs,
But let the foundation be bacon and eggs—

*Bacon and eggs,
Bacon and eggs;
Bring bacon,
Crisp bacon,
And let there be eggs !*

“HA!”

MAJOR REGINALD MARAN
Was a Strong, Silent Man,
And he very, very seldom said a word;
He shuddered at the sight
Of the kind of men that write,
For the doer was the chap that he preferred.
When he exercised his troops
He commanded them to run
With abbreviated whoops
Like the popping of a gun,
And they seemed to understand,
Or, at any rate, they ran
Just exactly as he planned,
This extraordinary man,
Though, as far as one could tell,
These electrifying *mots*
Were the simple phrases “Hell!”,
“Hell!” and “Ha!” and “Hi!” and
“Ho!”,
The ejaculation “Ha!”,
The ejaculation “Hi!”,
The ejaculation “Hell!”,
And, occasionally, “Ho!”.

When the Major crossed the wave
He continued to behave
With his customary reticence and strength.
It annoyed him very much
That the Frenchmen and the Dutch
Had a language of unnecessary length.
So in speaking to the Kurds,
Or the Spanish, or the Shah,
He employed the shortest words
Such as “Ho!” and such as “Ha!”;
And it answered very well,
For, whichever he had said,
As a rule they rang the bell
And arranged to have him fed.
“Why should any man do more?”
Said the Major. “What’s the good,
When a hearty British roar
Can be always understood?
If you bellow at the Shah
The ejaculation ‘Ha!’,
The interrogation ‘Hi?’,
Or the observation ‘Ho!’?”

But when Reggie fell in love
With a darling, with a dove,
And the moment was approaching to propose,
He was careful to rehearse
And exordium in verse
And a very, very wordy piece of prose.



But his head was in a whirl,
Not a sentence could he say,
So he snorted at the girl
In his customary way,



Like the starting of a Ford,
Or the bursting of a cloud,
And I'm sorry to record
That the lady laughed aloud
She replied, to his surprise,
Not with "Yes" and not with "No."
But with short explosive cries,
Very much like "Ha!" and "Ho!",

With the cachinnation “Ha!”,
 With the mocking sound of “Ho!”,
 With the cachinnation “Ha!”,
 And, occasionally, “Ho!”.

Said the lady, “Though I know
 The expressions ‘Ha!’ and ‘Ho!’
 Are attractive in the ordinary way,
 I imagine that a wife
 Would require in later life
 Conversation more elaborate and gay.”
 Broken-hearted, he withdrew
 With a bitter little smile,
 With a dictionary too,
 To a distant desert isle,
 Where by practice on the birds
 He is doing what he can
 To acquire the use of words
 Like a literary man,
 Making speeches to the birds
 With a literary flow,
 Though, alas! his favourite words
 Still, I hear, are “Ha!” and “Ho!”—
 I am sorry, but it’s so,
 He is still attached to “Ho!”,
 The ejaculation “Ha!”,
 And the observation “Ho!”.

AFTER-DINNER

I WILL not make a speech to-night,
I have not had sufficient wine;
It is not just, it is not right
To ask a fellow out to dine
And treat him in this kind of way—
I *will* not make a speech, I say.

No, Mr. Secretary, *no* !
Ask Mr. Mudd to say a word,
Let Mr. Mumble have a blow—
He is not happy, I have heard,
Except when he is on his feet
Extemporising after meat.

But I am very dumb to-night;
I cannot think of words at all;
My neighbour's eyes are very bright,
My neighbour's hands are very small,
And, if I did say something, Sir,
I fancy it would be to her.

The wine was good (though, I repeat,
I have not had enough of it);
I liked the fish, I liked the sweet,
The company is exquisite;
And that's exactly what I feel
About this admirable meal.

And you are free to write it down
And put it in the minute-book,
And I will give you half-a-crown
And you can give it to the cook—
But damned be he who here suggests
That I should answer for The Guests!

My neighbour's eyes are very bright,
My neighbour's hands are very small,
And I am very gay to-night;
O Mercy, must we spoil it all?
A speech is long but life is short;
Please go away—and pass the port.

THE POLICEMAN'S SERENADE

A GRAND LITTLE OPERA

*Outside a house — Moonlight — Discovered — a
POLICEMAN, with Lantern, Truncheon and
Service Guitar.*

THE POLICEMAN:

Susan, hear my tuneful sighing,
Brightest jewel on my beat,
From your hateful kitchen flying
At my bosom find retreat.
See, the moon, serene and argent!
And we need not fear the Sergeant,
For he loves a lady too.
Here in pain I stand, my beauty,
One devoted eye on duty,
But the other fixed on you.

SUSAN (*emerging*):

Robert, though in my profession
We are crude, uncultured, coarse,
In the arts of self-expression
Scarcely fit to meet the Force,

In my plain ill-tutored fashion
Let me here declare my passion,
And if still you doubt my flame,
Robert, see with what sweet ardour,
Leaving chaos in the larder,
To your dear blue arms I came.



THE POLICEMAN:

Now, my girl, I know you're mocking.
Have you not another swain?
When you hear the postman knocking
Does your heart not knock again?

THE POLICEMAN'S SERENADE

When you hear that milkman bellow
Do you still admire the fellow?
Tell me, love, for, if 'tis so,
Should I meet these men at luncheon
With a buffet from my truncheon
Robert's rivals go below.

SUSAN:

Robert, cease this foolish clamour;
Vain the milkman's modish coo!
And in vain do postmen hammer
If they bring no word from you.
For yourself your Sue is yearning—
But I smell the supper burning,
Back to duty must I press,
So if you have done with hinting,
You'll oblige me by imprinting
On my lips a chaste caress.
[*Chaste caress. SUSAN retires into the kitchen.*]

THE POLICEMAN:

So, good-night. Sleep sound, my pretty.
Here till dawn I take my stand;
There are burglars in this city,
But we have them well in hand;
And whatever fears may furrow
Other foreheads in the borough

Nothing shall this roof surprise;
Mice and burglars both repelling,
Robert guards the sacred dwelling
Where his lovely Susan lies.

[*Exit THE POLICEMAN, with lantern, to
examine the defences of the house.*

[*Enter a MILKMAN, with Milkcart.*

THE MILKMAN (*softly*):

Milk-O! Milk-O!
Come, Susan, from thy pots and pans,
No matter who may chide,
For with his merry tinkling cans
Thy milkman waits outside,
That brings each morning with his cart
His unadulterated heart
And softly calls below,
“Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!”

So fair the night, my love so strong,
This way I had to walk,
But I have brought my cart along
That people may not talk;
This pint of milk I'll give to thee
Our little *alibi* to be,
And softly call below,
“Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!”

SUSAN (*emerging*):

Is that my milkman? Did I hear

That voice so like the linnet's?

O lovely milkman, kiss me, dear

(I've not been kissed for minutes).

[THE MILKMAN *gives her a pint of milk and a kiss.* THE POLICEMAN, *returning, observes this transaction with ill-concealed concern.*

THE POLICEMAN (*aside*):

Duped! Duped! Ah, duped! So this is
Woman's trust.

Revenge, proud Robert! He shall bite the
dust.

(*He approaches the guilty pair.*)

Now what's all this here?

THE MILKMAN

Officer,

My lawful trade I ply with her.

Of which in witness pray behold

This pint of milk but newly sold.

THE POLICEMAN (*suspiciously*):

In my experience of crime—

And that, my lad, 's a goodish time—

I never saw a stranger sight,
A person selling milk at *night* !
Had it been whisky, now, or silk,
I might have winked at it—but MILK!

SUSAN:

Unhand him, wretch!

THE POLICEMAN:

My girl, withdraw!
It's my belief he's broke the law;
Men don't sell pints of milk by chance—
It's a suspicious circumstance.
And what is more, you amorous gurgler,
You'll be arrested for a burglar.
But first, that nothing be mistook,
I'll note the details in my book.

[*He does so. Meanwhile THE MILKMAN
sings a passionate farewell.*

THE MILKMAN:

Farewell, my heart, farewell;
To Pentonville I go,
But in my gloomy cell
One comfort I may know—

Outside the dungeon dark,
If you will sit and hark,
I'll now and then remark
 "Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

SUSAN: •

Outside the dungeon dark
I'll sit at eve and hark,
And hope that you'll remark
 "Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

THE POLICEMAN (*taking notes*):

Though he is in the dark
This ill-conditioned spark
Will now and then remark
 "Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

[During this affecting scene a BURGLAR, seizing his opportunity, enters the house by the open kitchen door.]

[Emotional music. THE POLICEMAN marches THE MILKMAN off with cart.]

SUSAN (*reflective*):

Alas, in one short night
To lose two lovers true!

O Cupid, is this right?

I put the point to you.

My Milkman in a cage—

My Robert in a rage,

O Cupid, at this stage

What is a girl to do?

[THE BURGLAR *emerges from the house*
carrying a Bag containing Swag.

THE BURGLAR (*presenting pistol*):

Be silent, hussy, for if you should shout

The chances are you'll have your brains blown
out.

SUSAN (*unmoved—curiously*):

The voice is sweet,

Well-formed the feet

The figure has a grace,

One boon I ask—

Remove your mask,

That I may see the face.

(*Reassuring*):

To jail I will not shove you,

For I believe I love you.

[THE BURGLAR, *struck by her beauty and*
courage, removes his mask, while his
revolver falls from his nerveless fingers.

THE BURGLAR:

Now strike me pink in every limb and feature
If e'er I saw a more attractive creature!

SUSAN (*after examining the face, picks up
the revolver*):

Yes, I love you, burglar dear,
Burglar, will you marry me?



You have money, it is clear,
I have brains for two or three.
Burglar, if you will not wed,
I shall shoot you through the head!
Better marr-i-ed than dead—
Pretty burglar, marry me!

THE BURGLAR:

Never in my varied life
Saw I such a tiger-cat:
Born to be a burglar's wife—
And I can't say more than that.
You can drop the pistol now
(It's not loaded, anyhow).
I'll propose, if you'll allow.
Pretty housemaid, marry me!

BOTH:

To the booty of the day
Let me add one precious kiss,
With our treasure then away—
But no burgling after this!
Burgling is, in fact, a bore;
Safe upon some foreign shore
We'll be happy evermore—
Pretty {burglar,
housemaid, } marry me!

[They go off, rapturous, with Bag of Swag.]

[THE POLICEMAN returns, philosophical, having juggled THE MILKMAN, and resumes his vigil.]

THE POLICEMAN:

Frail, ah, frail! But I forgive her.

Here till dawn I play my part.

So no other evil-liver

Shall attempt her guileless heart,

And whatever fears may furrow

Other foreheads in the borough

Nothing shall this roof surprise,

Mice and burglars both repelling,

Through the night I'll guard the dwelling

Where my lovely Susan lies.

CURTAIN.

“VINOVI”

A SONG FOR THE VENDOR OF A PATENT MEDICINE

SIR or Madam, are you well?
Yes, we know it's hard to tell;
Like as not you fondly think,
Madam, you are in the pink,
But, conceal it how we please,
Most of us have *some* disease.
Frankly, Sir, the chances are
You have cancer or catarrh;
Madam, in our humble view,
There is something wrong with *you*.
Never mind—we'd like to bet
“Vinovi” will save you yet.

*For nervousness, lassitude, debility, anæmia,
Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
Rheumatism, dandruff, acute septicæmia,
The measles, the mumps,
The dropsy and the dumps,
Melancholy, flatulence, a tendency to pine,
Take a little “Vinovi,”
Take a little “Vinovi,”
And take it in a glass of wine.*

Madam, Sir, it's safe to say
 You have one of these to-day.
 Sir, be not afraid of us,
 Madam, we need not discuss
 Which exactly you have got—
 "Vinovi" will cure the lot.
 Do you suffer much from fits,
 Meningitis, nerves or nits?
 Does your work repel you? Quite.
 "Vinovi" will put you right.
 Are you skinny, Sir, or fat?
 "Vinovi" will stop all that.

*For nervousness, lassitude and glandular scirrhusity,
 Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
 Rheumatism, baldness, congenital verbosity,
 The colic and the croup,
 The shingles and the stoop,
 Melancholy, flatulence, a tendency to pine,
 Take a little "Vinovi,"
 Take a little "Vinovi,"
 And take it in a glass of wine.*

Sir or Madam, have a care!
 There are tricksters everywhere.
 Sir or Madam, do not take
 "Equibos," for pity's sake!
 Neither, though you've bought a tin,
 Drink a drop of "Vigorin"!

This is made of mice, of *course*;
 “Equibos” is simply horse.
 So is “Nervinu”; and then
 “Nervinu” is one-and-ten.
 “Vinovi” is one-and-nine,
 And you take the stuff with wine.

*For nervousness, lassitude, debility, anæmia;
 Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
 Rheumatism, rickets and chronic septicæmia,
 For tetanus and thrush,
 Garrulity and gush,
 Free Trade, flatulence, obesity, decline,
 Take a little “Vinovi,”
 Take a little “Vinovi,”
 And take it in a glass of wine.*

Madam, Sir, you may be sure
 “Vinovi” is good and pure;
 Madam, we do not include
 Harmful gases in this food;
 “Vinovi” does *not* contain
 Boric acid, bats or bane,
 Nor, as many people think,
 Is it made of marking-ink,
 But from herbs and bits of hay—
 How or why I must not say.
 Anyhow, it’s pure because
 Dr. Dumble said it was.

*For nervousness, lassitude, paralysis, precocity,
 Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
 Toothache, aphasia, congenital verbosity,
 The measles, the mumps,
 The jaundice and the jumps,
 Insanity and flatulence, senility, decline,
 Take a little "Vinovi,"^a
 Take a little "Vinovi,"
 And take it in a glass of wine.*

Not with shudders, not with squeals,
 Not with water after meals—
 Take it gaily while you dine,
 Wash it down with draughts of wine.
 Otherwise it will not act—
 That is odd, but that's a fact.
 Take a tablet in some port,
 Your diseases will be short;
 Take a couple in champagne,
 You will not be ill again.
 ("Vinovi," we need not say,
Must be taken thrice a day.)

*For nervousness, lassitude, debility, anæmia,
 Quinsy, sciatica, insomnia and strain,
 Rheumatism, baldness, acute septicæmia,
 For tetanus and thrush,
 Garrulity and gush,*

*Melancholy, flatulence and water on the brain,
Take a little “Vinovi,”
Take a little “Vinovi,”
And take it in the best champagne.*

THE PROUD HUSBAND

My love, I am so proud of you,
I want the world to love you too.
My heart cries out to every man,
"This is my own, my lovely Ann!
And you are blind that pass her by
If you be not bewitched as I.
Look, look again—her eyes so rare,
Her face, her feet—confess her fair!"
I want the world to love you too,
But am tormented if they do.

So happy I in loving you,
I would the world were happy too.
My heart goes out to any man
That vainly loves my lovely Ann;
And you may smile and smile again
If this will ease the victim's pain.
But if that smile too soft appear,
I'll strike the victim dead, my dear.
I want the world to love you too,
But Heaven help the men who do!

SAVE THE TIGER

WHEN Lady Jane refused to be
The wife of Viscount Fiddledee
He rose abruptly from his knee
And said, "Excuse this bungle—
I think I will not stay to dine,
There is a train at half-past nine;
To-morrow by the fastest line
I'm leaving for the jungle.

*"Ho, varlet, run and pack my gun,
My passport pray discover;
I mean to shoot some savage brute
To show how much I love her.
Far off in India's poisoned swamps
Some unsuspecting tiger romps,
Condemned to die;
And you know why—
'Cos you won't marry me.
Oh, ain't you got no heart, my gal?
Think of that dumb animal.
Save that tiger,
Poor dumb tiger,
Save that tiger—marry me !*

"I'll hunt him down on shiny nights
 With cunning telescopic sights,
 And, if the creature turns and bites,
 As is his cruel fashion,
 I'll lie content and let him chew,
 A-thinking all the time of you;
 For what's the worst that he can do
 Compared with hopeless passion?

*"Ho, varlet, run and pack my gun,
 My lovely one rejects me.
 I kind of ache to shoot a snake,
 For that's how it affects me.
 With battle-axe and blunderbuss
 I'll hip the hippopotamus;
 Some buffalo
 Has got to go
 Because you won't be mine.
 Heartless one, I'm better dead,
 But think of them dumb quadruped;
 Save that python,
 Save that hippo,
 Save that buffalo—be mine!"*

The Lady Jane bega to cry;
 The thought of hippopotami
 Unnaturally doomed to die
 Had stirred her woman's pity.



She married him. And till this day,
Whenever he would have his way,
He only has to sing or say
This moving little ditty:

*“Ho, pack my gun, you naughty one !
Although I love you madly,
I’m off to shoot some savage brute,
You do behave so badly.
I’d like to beat you, but you’d laugh,
I’ll take it out of some giraffe,
Some buffalo
Has got to go
Because you won’t be good.
Ain’t you got no heart, dear wife?
You can’t approve of taking life—
Then save that tiger,
Poor dumb tiger,
Save that buffalo—be good !”*

THE PERSON-IN-THE-MOON

WHENE'ER I see your face,
 Mr. Moon,
So like a large grimace,
 Mr. Moon,
So like the man next-door,
I wonder more and more
What everything is for,
 Mr. Moon.

Proud is your yellow eye,
 Mr. Moon,
But I cannot think why,
 Mr. Moon,
For it is sad but true
We don't think much of you;
Such awful things you do,
 Mr. Moon!

Taught by that artful ray,
 Mr. Moon,
What silly things we say,
 Mr. Moon!

How many a fatal Miss
We simply have to kiss!
Oh, are you proud of this,
Mr. Moon?

When men go wild or worse,
Mr. Moon,
When widows take to verse,
Mr. Moon,
When couples sit and coo
In several feet of dew,
We put it down to you,
Mr. Moon.

And I for one don't know,
Mr. Moon,
Why poets praise you so,
Mr. Moon;
Strong is your sway and wide,
Love—lunatics—the tide—
But *are* they food for pride,
Mr. Moon?

How are we to tell,
Mr. Moon,
You're not to blame as well,
Mr. Moon,

For income-tax and gin,
The tumbril and the twin,
And cinemas and sin,
 Mr. Moon?

What are you, after all,
 Mr. Moon?
A large malignant ball,
 Mr. Moon;
Can you recall a case
Where such a smiling face
Concealed a soul so base,
 Mr. Moon?

That face I cannot read,
 Mr. Moon;
Are you a man indeed,
 Mr. Moon?
Is there or is there not
A woman on the spot?
This would explain a lot,
 Mr. Moon.

SAUSAGE AND MASH

IF there's a dish
For which I wish.
More frequent than the rest,
If there's a food
On which I brood
When starving or depressed,
If there's a thing that life can give
Which makes it worth our while to live,
If there's an end
On which I'd spend
My last remaining cash,
It's sausage, friend,
It's sausage, friend,
It's sausage, friend, and mash.

*Sausage and mash,
Sausage and mash,
Hope of the hungry and joy of the just !
Sausage and mash,
(Not haddock or hash),
Done till they bubble and done till they
bust !*

*Your truffles are toys,
Your oysters are trash
Contrasted, my boys,
With the homelier joys,
The beauty, the poise,
Of sausage and mash.*

O noble thing,
From churl to king,
Uniting class and clan!
What brow so high
We cannot spy
The simple sausage-fan?
The haughty plumber blows a kiss
When Mrs. Plumber brings him this;
And where's the Lord
So old and bored
But that proud eye will flash
If some sweet girl
Says, "Sausage, Earl?
A sausage, Earl, and mash?"

*Sausage and mash,
Sausage and mash,
With an R in the month I am happy and
gay!
Sausage and mash,
My molars I gnash
With impotent longing in August and
May!*

*I weary of fish,
I deprecate hash,
Your partridges—pish !
Quite frankly I wish
For the tiniest dish
Of sausage and mash.*

Sweet when we rise
With heavy eyes
And work is just ahead;
Sweet any time,
But most sublime
When we should be in bed;
Though kingdoms rise and kingdoms set
A sausage is a sausage yet;
When Love is dead,
Ambition fled,
And Pleasure, lad, and Pass.,
You'll still enjoy
A sausage, boy,
A sausage, boy, and mash.

*Sausage and mash,
Sausage and mash,
Done till they bubble and done till they
bust !
Sausage and mash,
Careless and rash,*

*I raises my hat to the food of the just !
What's women to me,
What's liquor or cash ?
Contented are we,
The sons of the free,
With a pot of hot tea
And sausage and mash !*

THE DUBIOUS BACHELOR

A RATHER SAD STATISTICAL SONG

I WILL not live another year
A sad and solitary he!
I long to call some damsel dear,
But, goodness, which is it to be?
Such charmers everywhere I find,
Delicious, beautiful and kind,
But I can NOT make up my mind—

*For there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

But I am dismal after dark;
It is a dismal thing to sit
And think of many a good remark
With no one there to laugh at it:
The flat is full of ticking clocks,
The very mouse comes out and mocks,
And no one seems to mend my socks,

*Though there are eighteen million
women in England and Wales, and one
of these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Then I will take my Phyllis out,
And we will dance till three or four,
For Phyllis likes me, not a doubt,
And I like Phyllis more and more,



For she is sweet and she is gay,
Though she has nothing much to say,
And she would suit me, in a way,

*But there are eighteen million women in
England and Wales, and one of these
is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

THE DUBIOUS BACHELOR

And when I gaze in Mary's eyes
Poor Phyllis seems a little thing,
For Mary is so very wise
And she can play and she can sing;
But, dear, oh dear, she cannot smile,
And she is not at all my style,
And I am thinking all the while

*That there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Then there is Miss Camelia Mole,
And I have asked her once or twice,
But she is like the Arctic Pole,
Though she is uniformly nice,
And she is fond, and so am I,
But if I ask until I die
I know that she will still reply

*That there are seventeen million men in
England and Wales, and one of these
is, presumably, her soul-mate.*

Ah me! But come, I'll not despair;
By April—well, at least by May,
I'll marry *somebody*, I swear,
And we'll be happy, I dare say;

For Phyllis is a little pet,
And Mary *may* amuse me yet,
And I'll endeavour to forget

*That there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Yet oft, how often, in the street,
Or riding on the District line,
I see a maid so rare and sweet
I *know* that she was meant for mine.
She knows it not. She leaves the train,
I never see her face again.
Why should I? Well, I don't complain—

*But there are eighteen million women in
England and Wales, and one of these
is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Ah, Phyllis, when you name the day,
Or Mary dear (whiche'er it be),
To some lone island let's away
Where there is not another she;
That I may never, never view
A girl more glorious than you,
For I will promise to be true—

*But all the same there are eighteen million
women in England and Wales, and one
of these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

THE ENGLISHMAN

A VERY PATRIOTIC SONG

AIR: "*Here's a health unto His Majesty.*"

WHEN Earth in Eden did awake
And Man was made and mated,
The earliest men, by some mistake,
Were foreigners all created;
And in this fix the world began,
Till Heaven conceived a nobler plan
And there was born an Englishman—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

Still half the sphere in darkness sat,
But Britons went and found it;
The heathen swore the Earth was flat—
We flung the flag all round it;
And if the sea, with stealthy care,
Threw up an island anywhere,
An Englishman was always there—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

Then round the globe we looked, and lo!

The foreigners did not shave, Sir,
Nor did we shrink from saying so

In accents bold and brave, Sir;
We pointed out from day to day
What we should do if we were they—
We made them love us in this way—

With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !

And I am tempted, I confess,
To self-congratulation

When I reflect that I possess
The virtues of my nation,
And daily let my neighbours see
How different their lives might be
If they would but be ruled by me—

With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !

The simple mind and manly air,
Not Brains so much as Breeding,
With *joie de vivre* and *savoir faire*,
Are constantly succeeding;

Not men of words, we live to do,
Nor speak till we are spoken to,
Then answer "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—

With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !

Alas, for all our kindly pain,
The world is sick and sore, Sir,
And Frenchmen mulishly remain
As foreign as before, Sir.
Thus ends the tale as it began;
Conceive the difference, if you can,
Had Adam been an Englishman—

With a fa, la, la, fâ, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !

GOING TO THE DOGS

You don't know what a woman's love can do,

Joanna,

To keep a chap from his decline and fall;

I've been a better man since I met you,

Joanna,

And I don't think I've hardly sinned at all;

If I'm to stay like this for life,

Joanna,

It means you gotter be my little wife—

For if you won't be mine,

Then I shall take to wine,

'll be a bad man, because I love you so;

I'll drink yellow drinks in low-down places,

I'll take no exercise and go to the races,

I'll go to Africa, I'll shoot a tiger,

I'll eat drugs on the banks of the Niger,

I'll make faces and I'll make scenes,

I'll put counters in the slot-machines,

I'll waste my substance and borrow from the Jews,

I'll dress slovenly and wear brown shoes,

I won't worry how I look—d'you see?

I'll let my hair grow and shave after tea.

GOING TO THE DOGS

*To the dogs,
 To the dogs,
 To the bad black dogs,
 To the bad black abominable dogs I'll go,
 And all for the love of my sweet Jo !*



What—you won't be mine?
 Then I shall go and dine.
 I'll be a bad man, because I love you so.
 I'll take pretty girls away from their mothers,
 I'll buy a Wireless and interfere with others,
 I'll drink Crème de Menthe in great big beakers,
 I'll go to meetings and interrupt the speakers,
 I won't shrink from gross exaggeration;
 And I won't make no polite conversation;

I'll be a bounder, a Bohemian, a boob,
And I *won't* stand up for women in the Tube;
I'll lie abed late, meditating crimes,
I'll vote Liberal and write to *The Times*.

*To the dogs,
To the dogs,
To the bad black dogs,
To the bad black abominable dogs I'll go,
And all for the love of my sweet Jo !*

What—you *will* be mine?
Then you shall see me shine.

I'll be a good boy, because I love you so.
I'll wear white spats and I'll play cricket,
I'll travel third with a first-class ticket,
I'll give money to the starving Prussians,
I'll make a gesture and pray for the Russians;
I'll be a high-brow, but I'll look hearty,
And I won't laugh at the Liberal Party;
I'll wake up with a carol in my throat,
And I'll go to bed on a high top-note;
I'll take a tumbler of water in the morning,
I'll help cook when the cook gives warning,
I'll be a little ray of sunshine, dear,
And I'll make money, shall we say, next year?
I won't kiss nobody without your permission,
I'll go twice to the Wembley Exhibition,

I'll eat apples as I ought to do,
I'll drink lemonade and I'll love you.

*To the dogs,
To the dogs,
To the good grey dogs,
To the good grey gentlemanly dogs I'll go,
And all for the love of my sweet Jo !*

THE PITEOUS BALLAD OF ARABELLA
BOOLEY

OH, have you heard my horrid tale? Young women
all, attend.

Will Wilkinsop he courted me for seven years on end,
Then up says he, "Enough of that," and to the
church went we—

Alas, we wed at half-past four instead of ten to three,
*Ah, we was wed at half-past four instead of ten to
three.*

The bride was fair, the guests was there, but Parson
he was dead

From riding on a wicked horse and falling on his
head;

Two-forty-one the deed was done, and by the law,
d'ye see?

No English man with English maid may marry after
three,

*No English lad on English soil shall marry after
three.*

82 THE BALLAD OF ARABELLA BOOLEY

Then "Up, my lads," my father cries, "though we
must mourn his case,

Go forth and find some clergy kind to take the poor
man's place!

My daughter Nan has caught a man and married she
shall be.

Go, brother Jock, and stop the clock ten minutes short
of three."

*And Uncle Jock he stopped the clock ten minutes
short of three.*

The sun was low, the moon also, which greatly did
annoy,

When back comes Thomas Wilkinsop with a bit of a
clergy-boy;

"It's growing dark," he made remark. "It's early
yet," said we,

For by the light of the moon (though slight) the clock
said ten to three;

*By the light of the moon that afternoon the time
was ten to three.*

The clergy-boy he wished us joy and straight he married we;

We vowed our vows and rode away to Bungay by
the sea,

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And William there he swore a swear—"True man
and wife we be,
Though we was wed, as I've heard said, considerable
after three;

*You be my bride, though we was tied considerable
after three."*

Two days go by, and there was I a-pleading for a kiss,
When in there walks the Bishop of my William's
diocese.

"Good morning," said his Reverence; "no man and
wife you be,

For you was wed, as I've heard said, considerable
after three,

*Oh, you was wed," the Bishop said, "considerable
after three.*

"It don't apply," continued he, to put us at our ease,
"To christenings and funerals and functions such as
these.

I'd bury you at ten or two, and buried you would be,
But weddings must be finished just before the hour of
three.

*Ah, weddings, unlike funerals, must not be after
three."*

"Is that a fact?" said Wilkinsop.—"The facts are
as I state;

I much regret you're single yet, but still it's not too
late.



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Pray finish, Miss, that lawless kiss, and travel home
with me,

And you shall vow your vows again at twenty-five to
three.

*Oh, you must vow your vows again at twenty-five
to three."*

"One moment, pray," said William then, to my
extreme dismay,

"This child of Eve, I now perceive, though pleasing
for a day,

Is not the wife I'd have for life, and, if as how I'm
free,

I must decline to make her mine at twenty-five to
three,

Oh, I decline to make her mine at twenty-five to three."

The Bishop took his bell and book, and cursed him
up and down;

With sobs and tears I pulled his ears, and then he left
the town.

And all he said was, "I was wed; if wed no more
I be,

'Twere mad, it's plain, to wed again at twenty-five
to three,

I don't intend to wed again at twenty-five to three."

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Oh, cursed are the cruel laws! O dreary, dreary me!
Oh, what a life! Not maid nor wife, nor widow, yet
all three!

My daughter begs from door to door, a child of shame
is she,

For I was wed at half-past four instead of ten to three,
*Oh, I was wed at half-past four instead of ten to
three !*

DON'T TELL MY MOTHER I'M LIVING IN
SIN; OR, SEE WHAT IT DONE TO ME!

A SONG FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF
WICKEDNESS AND DANCING

BESIDE a empty barrel
Upon a foreign shore
There sat the wreck of a 'uman man,
A 'uman man no more;
An opium pipe was in his hand,
He had not shaved for days,
The pack of cards that strewed the sand
The horrid truth displays,
When "Why," says I, "if that ain't Ned!"
He raised his bloodshot eyes and said:

*"Don't tell my mother I'm living in sin,
Don't let the old folks know:
Don't tell my twin that I breakfast on gin,
He'd never survive the blow.
Promise you'll keep little Maggie from harm;
You'll have to take care with a girl of her charm;
Don't let her know about whisky and 'snow,'
DON'T let her go to them clubs in Soho !*



*But tell the whole world of the ruin you see;
This is what comes of a night at the Embassy—
See what it done for me !”*

The broken reed continued:

“I never swore a swore,
I never kissed a woman’s hand
Till I was twenty-four.
They took me to a night-club then—
Ah, how was a lad to know?—
And all the rips of Wimbledon
Was dancing in a row;
A so-called haunt of pleasure—see?
And it was that what done for me.”

“Don’t tell my mother,” etc.

“Nine—ten—eleven-thirty—
And still the music played.
O Heavens, the mushroom-sandwiches,
The lights, the lemonade!
And a chit of an actress-girl was there—
I was only a moon-struck calf;
Next day I stop at a postcard-shop
And I bought her photograph!
The shame of it!” the sinner sighed.
“Cheer up!” says I, but he replied—

“Don’t tell my mother,” etc.

“Once only,” said the drunkard,
“But once was all too oft;
Temptation’s cruel, cruel hard,
Particler if you’re soft.
Drink, women, drugs, revolvers, knives—
I took the downward track,
So here I am with seven wives,
And most of them are black.”
“Ah, don’t say that,” said I to Ned.
“I do say that,” said he, he said—

*“But don’t tell my mother I’m living in sin,
Don’t let the old folks know:
Don’t tell my twin that I breakfast on gin,
He’d never survive the blow.
Promise you’ll keep little Maggie from harm;
You’ll have to take care with a girl of her charm;
Don’t let her know about whisky and ‘snow,’
DON’T let her go to them clubs in Soho!
But tell the whole world of the ruin you see;
This is what comes of a night at the Embassy—
See what it done for me!”*

WEAR YOUR WHITE

Wear your white, my love, to-night,
Wear that little frock you wore
When I met you, long ago.
Satin—silk? I hardly know,
But I saw you at the door
And I loved you—
Still I love you,
Wear your white, my love, to-night.

WEAR your white, my love, to-night,
You were young and lovely then,
Bright your eye and sweet your smile,
And I wondered all the while
Did you like those other men?
For I loved you—
Still I love you,
Wear your white, my love, to-night.

Wear your white, my love, to-night,
Out of fashion? I'll not know.
Old and faded? I'll not see.
It's the fashion still for me,
Thus I met you, long ago,
And I loved you—
Still I love you,
Wear your white, my love, to-night.

RING IN THE OLD!

LINES FOR A DISAPPOINTED MAN AT A FANCY DRESS
REVEL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

COME, let every jolly fellow,
Whatsoever his disguise,
All the Courtiers, Clowns, Divines,
All the Queens and Columbines,
Let them sing and bawl and bellow
While this Old Deceiver dies.

Here, festooned with coloured paper,
Here, deserted by my dear,
Here, beside the rifled bar,
In the costume of a tar,
While the young things coo and caper,
Here will I revile the year.

Kindly clock, fly fast and faster!
Horrid, hateful '23,
Other persons may or may
Not have flourished in your day,
I can think of no disaster
Which has not occurred to me.



RING IN THE OLD!

Crossed in love in January;
February—deep in debt;
March—I fell in love with Jane;
April—over-drawn again;
May—I fell in love with Mary,
And the year's not over yet.

Summer saw me sad and thinner;
Jane was married in July;
June—I bought a share—it fell,
Till the day I chose to sell,
August—I'd have backed a winner,
But I knew the horse would die.

There have been depressing pages
In my history before;
Other winters acted base,
But I don't recall a case
When I seemed to work such ages
And was so extremely poor.

'23, to think what revels
Twelve months back saluted thee!
I was then a Persian Prince;
Joan has never loved me since.
All the most unpleasant devils
Fly away with '23!

So farewell. Few hopes I cherish,
Yet shall Britons ne'er complain.

'23, a glass of wine!

Here's a pretty Columbine—
Ten to one, before you perish,
I shall be in love again.

MR. TURPENTINE

BRING me an oyster, bring me five or six,
Bring me a bottle of the best white wine,
Bring me a sole done up with fancy-tricks—
Let me, in short, most generously dine;
And then, when I am waɾm and fed,
When all the world looks round and red,
Fill up, and solemnly be said
A hideous curse on Mr. Turpentine!

*Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
Misfortune dog your name !
Rats bite your nails,
And hairy scales
Appear upon your frame !
May any horse which you select
Have some congenital defect,
And at the post
Give up the ghost
Or suddenly be lame !
May Bulls and Bears
Mess up your shares,
And, if some foolish girl*

*Has sweetly smiled upon you, oh !
May she incontinently throw
You over for an Earl !
O may your nose go red and shine !
O may you catch a chill !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
I wish you very ill !*

No, do not ask the details of his case
Nor what gross injury the man has done;
It were a shame to tell you in this place;
I simply mention that he fouls the sun.
Then drink your healths, fill, drink the
King,
Drink Church and State, drink anything,
But fill again, and madly sing
An awful doom for Mr. Turpentine!

*Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
The Furies do you brown !
O may you buy
When things are high,
And sell when they are down !
O may the Inland Revenue
Conceive a strong dislike for you,*



*And sometimes hale
You off to jail
For owing half-a-crown !
And when you pass
A looking-glass
O may you start and cry
With new conviction every night,
“That is a most unpleasant sight—
My goodness, is it I?”
O may your nose go red and shine !
O may you catch a chill !
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you very ill !*

Alas, a mellowness pervades my brain;
How fatal is the influence of wine!
My darned good-nature moves in me again,
I cannot curse you, Mr. Turpentine!
Nay, Turpentine, I sigh for you.
Though I detest the things you do,
You cannot help yourself, it's true—
Ah, let us pray for Mr. Turpentine!

*O bless you, Mr. Turpentine !
O bless you, Mr. Turpentine !
O bless you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you well and fair !*

MR. TURPENTINE

*Good angels take
Your face and make
Some suitable repair;
Good fairies wrestle with your mind
And leave you sweet and clean and kind,
But may you not
Discover what
A horrid thing you were !
May men applaud
Your vilest fraud
And trust you once again;
And may that fond and foolish girl
Abandon her beloved Earl
And live with you in Spain !
O Turpentine, a glass of wine !
What use is it to curse?
God made you, Mr. Turpentine,
And how can man do worse?*

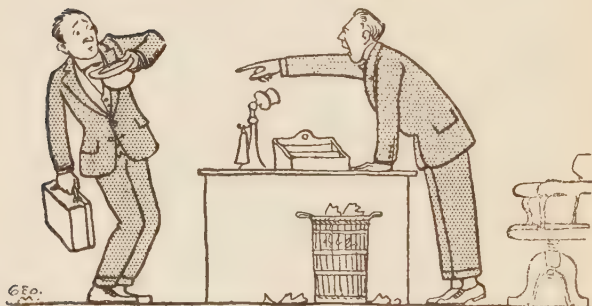
A RESOLUTION

I SHOULD have been a business man.
The will to win, the power to plan,
 The cool commanding touch,
The bold design, the ruthless tongue—
All these were mine when I was young,
 And people said as much;
But there, I have a gentle heart,
And then I have some truck with Art,
 So fatal to Success;
And I will not conceal from you
That from a business point of view
 I flourish less and less.
But let me add, most loud and clear,
I WILL be businesslike this year.

Oh, I will punctually pay
 All taxes, rates and bills,
And answer letters every day
 And light my pipe with spills,
And I will be most circumspect
 In every little thing,
And conscientiously collect
Brown-paper, pins and string,

A RESOLUTION

And do each morning, when I rise,
 Some scientific exercise,
 And ten times touch my toes,
 And every evening will commit
 To memory some useful bit
 Of poetry (or prose),
 Give up the gambling, drink and dope,
 Pursue the frugal path,
 And never, never leave the soap
 Dissolving in the bath.



And, when a fellow tells me flat
 These several reasons why,
 What with the price of this and that,
 He cannot sell (or buy)
 On any terms that *I* propose,
 Or, pop! his tiny profit goes,
 And he has creditors in rows,

And like as not the works will close,
His wife decline and die
(With many miscellaneous woes
I need not specify)—
Oh, then I will not blow my nose,
I will not sit and cry,
I will not act like other worms—
I say, I WILL NOT HAVE his terms,
But with a steely eye
I will confront him, stern and proud,
And I will answer, very loud,
“Hell! cut it out! You lie!”

These are, I know, the methods which
Make other men extremely rich;
And thus do I resolve to steer
My steady course throughout the year.

THE LADIES' BAR

"AS I WAS SAYING ONLY YESTERDAY . . ."

So pore old Mr. Grummet's passed away,
Mrs. Thomas,
And all from eating unripe plums, they say,
Mrs. Thomas;
It's funny, don't you think,
He never touched the drink,
And yet he had to die,
As it might be you or I,
Mrs. Thomas.

*As I was saying only yesterday,
Mrs. Thomas,
It isn't any use to fight our fates.
Well, if it isn't gin
Was meant to do us in,
The chances are it's lemonade or dates.
You never saw such saints as my two brothers,
Yet both of them are dead and gone, my
dear;
Teetot'lers seem to die the same as others,
So what's the use of knocking off the
beer?*



THE LADIES' BAR

To think that Mr. Grummet's on the shelf,
 Mrs. Thomas!
 And him so very careful of himself,
 Mrs. Thomas.
 Bed early all his life,
 And never struck his wife,
 It's sad he's dead and done—
 Let's have another one,
 Mrs. Thomas.

*As I was saying only yesterday,
 Mrs. Thomas,
 It isn't only drink that does the harm,
 There's Mrs. Pilchard took
 To praying for her cook,
 And after that she fell and broke her arm !
 I never see such saints as my two brothers,
 But both of them had asthma bad, my dear;
 Teetot'lers seem to suffer, same as others,
 So what's the use of knocking off the beer?*

It only shows how careful one should be,
 Mrs. Thomas;
 It's flying in the face of Nature, see,
 Mrs. Thomas?
 If he'd been sitting here
 With half a pint of beer,

Would he have ate that plum
And gone to Kingdom Come,
Mrs. Thomas?

As I was saying only yesterday,

Mrs. Thomas,

Suppose we didn't take our little drops?

All very well for us,

But can't you hear the fuss?

Well, what about the men that grow the hops?

Well, what I mean, we've got to think of others,

It isn't only you and me, my dear.

No doubt the brewers has to keep their mothers,

So where's the sense in knocking off the beer?

“HE DIDN’T OUGHTER . . .”

I NEVER will complain of my dear husband, Mrs.
Henn;
When Wilkinson is sober he’s no worse than other
men;
We’ve never had no serious unpleasantness, but
there—
It’s little things, I’ve always said, are cruellest to
bear.

*Well, he didn’t oughter strike me, not at meals;
I told him of it only yesterday;
It’s little things like that a woman feels;
Why can’t he wait till dinner’s cleared away?*

Of course he takes a drop too much, I don’t complain
of that,
It’s what I call the bagatelles that knocks a woman
flat;
I don’t begrudge the man his beer, though now and
then he’s blind,
But he doesn’t seem to understand the workings of my
mind.

*Well, he didn't oughter come to bed in boots—
It's little things that fidget me, you see;
I never mind his sleeping in his suits,
But why can't he sleep in stockings, same
as me?*

The first two months, I *will* say, he was everything
that's good;
He's carried on with one or two—well, anybody
would;
The lodger's wife's the latest, and I daresay she's to
blame—
Well, let him have his fun, I says, but can't he play
the game?

*And he didn't oughter kiss her when I'm there;
A woman has her pride when all is said;
It's little things are cruellest to bear—
Why can't he wait till I've gone up to bed?*

TWO DRINKING SONGS

I.—OLD STYLE (THE HEARTY AND UNASHAMED)

DEFEND me from the monkish state!
Who cannot virtuous be,
But safe behind a cloister's gate,
What kind of saint is he?
God made a man to roam the earth
And Eve to be his wife,
And gave him sins to try his worth,
And love to rule his life.

Does Heav'n send sages by design
And jesters by mischance?
Why grow our feet so frisky fine
If we were not to dance?
God made a girl to kiss and cling
And fill the world with strife,
He gave us all a voice to sing
And love to rule our life.

Then I will drink to your good health
And you shall drink to mine;
God never made the grape by stealth,
We'll not conceal the wine.

He never made a laughing man
And meant that man to croak;
Then I shall chuckle while I can,
And you shall be the joke.



II.—NEW STYLE

COME, let us fill the flowing bowl
And let who can be jolly,
Though poets think it fine to drink,
We know that it is folly.
Their Bacchus let them call divine,
But we'll with reason revel,

Confessing while we swill the wine
That Bacchus is the devil.

*Fill the cup—there's no excuse,
For wine's the devil, wine's the deuce !
Fill, but let me give you warning,
You'll be sorry in the morning.
Wine's a poison, wine's a bane;
Here's good health—and fill again !*

'Tis Bacchus wrecks the poor man's life
With base unwholesome cravings,
By Bacchus led he stabs his wife
And spends the woman's savings.
His children's bread he sells for ale,
Then, flushed with his enjoyment,
He cuts his throat and goes to jail,
Thus losing his employment.

Then fill the cup, etc.

The rich as well, 'tis shame to tell,
When Bacchus blows up breezy,
Play cards and curse and, what is worse,
Make love a lot too easy;
So many a Viscount seeks his cot
Unconscious in his carriage,
Without his hat and, like as not,
Entangled in a marriage.

Then fill the cup, etc.

In fact, with rich and poor the same,
When horrid fates attack us,
Whatever else may be to blame
The chances are it's Bacchus;



He rots the liver, saps the soul,
Makes fortunes run like rivers;
But come, let's fill the flowing bowl,
For life is more than livers!

Then fill the cup, etc.

TWO DRINKING SONGS

Then, poets, cease to praise the god,
And, preachers, cease to strike him,
For, foul or fair, we don't much care,
We only know we like him;
The more we drink the more we die,
But why this wordy strife, Sir?
That wine's a curse we don't deny,
But so is most of life, Sir..

*Then fill the cup, there's no excuse,
For wine's the devil, wine's the deuce.
Fill, but let me give you warning,
You'll be sorry in the morning.
Wine's a poison, wine's a bane;
Here's good health—and fill again!*

THE SAILOR'S LASS

AIR: "*Now the rosy morn appearing . . .*"

LOVE's a sad affair, my treasure,
Ah, to think that we must part!
Still there is a sort of pleasure
In a badly broken heart;
Ere we sever, you and I,
Let's enjoy a jolly cry.

Ah, my Joe, when you're away
I'll be wretched, I allow,
I'll be thinking all the day
"What's my darling doing now?"
In my dreams I'll say your name
And I hope you'll do the same.

When the girls of Bristol City
Smile upon you, fond and free,
Will you never think them pretty
But be wishing they were me?
Be they fond and be they fair
Will you wish that I was there?

Kiss me, then. If you forget me
Mary Jane will droop and die.
Say that you are glad you met me,
Kiss me quick before I cry.
Fare you well, where'er you be,
God be with you, think of me.

.

MY SHIP

(For Captain Slocum, who built a boat with his own hands and in her sailed round the world, alone.)

My ship is my delight,
And she's the one I woo
When in the shiny night
We dance across the blue,
With whispering sail and spar
As live as ladies are,
And twenty times as true.

My ship is my delight,
I made her, she is mine,
I built her trim and tight,
I dreamed her gracious line;
No wooden thing is she
But some proud part of me;
I made her, she is mine.

MY SHIP

Then at the helm I stand
And not alone are we.
Two lovers, hand in hand,
We ask no company.
So, by some lover's art
I think she knows my heart
And sings or sighs with me.

THE END

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Herbert, Alan Patrick.

Laughing Ann, and
other poems.

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Laughing Ann, and other poems
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